

Friday

Dear Loving Sweetheart;

I'm sitting here in the company writing room huddled up inside my buttoned-up fatigues writing this letter, having just gotten in from a pyro-technical display and a bunch of hot coffee and surprisingly good G. I. coffee. They're going to issue us some comforters tomsite to help stave off the cold. I hope it helps because it gets plenty cold out here at nite.

Say Darling, lite of my life, and beacon of all my future dreams, I just got your letter telling me of two ideas namely that we could take out the license if I got a three day pass and/or the OCS deal. The OCS deal is out because they've stoppped receiving quotas, I don't think it would've been too good an idea anyway because I would have no time off while going to school and would undoubtedly have received my assignment immediately upon graduation. The first idea, however, is a very noteworthy and I want to tell you again Sweetheart that I am more convinced than ever that you are a genius. I'm sure of it. I never get ideas like that. We could get the license and then at the first opportunity we could get married. That sounds so nice Darling, just thinking of being married to you. I love you. Tomorrow morning we head out for the buwac area bright and early and remain out there till monday.

It won't be too bad because if I can't be with you it really doesn't matter an awful lot just where I am. Tonna, my tentmate is supply sergeant here so he got an extra blanket, shelter half, tent pole and tent pins for the two of us. Consequently we have our packs all rolled and won't have to roll them in the morning. I rather wish I had left that extra blanket out tho. I could use it, altho they're giving us a comforter per tent tonite. That should help a little.

The demonstration this evening was very interesting. It was on booby traps, land mines, explosives, incendiaries, etc. and we had a real fourth of July fireworks show. That stuff is very interesting, altho I grant you it is rather dangerous. The captain who put on the demonstration was quite nervous probably due to the fact that an accident had occurred in the morning and one of his assistants lost a finger. That's nice stuff to know in case I ever do get overseas.

I spent a very nice day. The morning was spent in the dental clinic where they took several X-rays of one of my teeth to determine what made it ache when I touched it with ~~gold~~ silverware or bit down hard on it. The X-rays didn't show anything wrong so the doctor attributed the pain when touched with silverware to the fact that

static electricity is released when it happens and he told me that he was sorry but that he couldn't do a thing in the world for me. At least I got the morning off. I took the afternoon off to visit Tom Nevin at the hospital. He's getting along fine now and looks quite well. He's the fellow with the ulcers. He told me that when he first went to the hospital they called in the chaplain to give him the last sacraments since he is Catholic. The chaplain came into the ward and in a hushed and reverent tone inquired which patient was Thomas Nevin. Tom was in the first bed in the ward so ~~he~~ he raised himself and in very healthy tones announced that he was the party in question. The poor chaplain got quite a shock because I guess he expected to find someone looking like the movie stars. He goes before a board who will pass judgement on him and tell him whether he remains in the Army or gets his discharge. I hope he gets the discharge because he's as anxious to get married as Dan and that is plenty anxious.

After leaving the hospital I joined a few of the other men who were also goofing off and we went to the Servicemen's Club. I was worried about the payroll being signed while I was away so I called up the company and, sounding very official, asked if the payroll had been signed yet. They informed me, with much

"sirring" that "It has not been signed Sir, but will signed by the men as soon as they get back at 5:00 P.M." so we stayed in the Service Club till about 4:30 and then came back in time to head the line to sign. Most of these fellows are bucking very hard and always "Sir" anyone who calls them on the phone no matter who it is.

Tonite when we fell in in the dark, one of the men was smoking a cigaret. One of the officers spotted him and ran over and asked him for his name. The officer came back and proudly announced to the first sergeant that he had caught the man and that his name was Jones. At this I couldn't help laughing and everyone else joined in. About that time the officer realized that a fictitious name had been given him so he rushed back to where the man had been, but no one knew what had happened to him. He had disappeared.

Guess I'll go to bed, or rather to ground, now Sweetheart and dream up another installment in the wonderful future that lies ahead for us. Sweetheart I love you more every day and will continue loving you more

Forever.  
Freddie